

## MARCELLA'S MILK DIET

By JANE BRUCE

MARCELLA is nothing if not enthusiastic. Also, she is tall, straight and "willowy," as she likes to express the condition; "skinny," to quote her plain-spoken brother. Which reasons combine to render the milk diet treatment favorable in her eyes.

This treatment, perennially beloved of women, was freshly brought to Marcella's attention by Janet, who has just returned from Germany and many strange "cures" for all manner of real and imaginary beauty ailments. Janet really is a lovely girl, therefore she is never content to let well enough alone in regard to her personal appearance. She came home devoted to the milk diet, which, as she solemnly asserted to Marcella, had done wonders for her.

"You may not remember," said Janet, who has been pink and white and charming from her cradle, "but when I left home a year ago I was quite thin and willowy. Well, I tried a great many things, because I really believe it's the duty of poor, stupid women like myself, who have only one look to commend them, to keep young and fresh looking as long as



ACQUAINTED WITH THE MILK DIET, MARCELLA'S MOTHER, WHO FELT HER PULSE AND LOOKED KNOWING.

possible. But nothing helped me like the milk treatment. It literally transformed my complexion and form. I began with two quarts a day, and got up to a gallon," she further insisted her eager listener. "Then, if you can, you add from a pint to a quart of cream. You'll put on flesh at a rate that will surprise you, and your skin will soon look like that of a child. I'm taking five quarts of milk and cream a day."

The admiring Marcella, her eyes fixed on Janet's fresh beauty, made immediate plans to go and do likewise. She informed her landlady that she was going to the country, but she had been placed on a special diet, and henceforth, for an indefinite period, would only remain in her room, without table privileges. She also ordered two quarts of milk and cream daily. Janet had advised her landlady, a good-natured, but somewhat vacillating, and somewhat of an art student, smiled wisely, but said nothing. She had only expected to welcome Marcella back to her basement board as usual as the first of the month brought the regular parental letter and check. Meanwhile she unwittingly made Marcella's path hard by unceremonious refusal of cake, sandwiches, and odd bits of coffee and morning. The landlady's pride was always wounded with some well-constructed remark, and how some one had ordered dinner or breakfast sent upstairs only to be refused to consume it. The worst of the trouble was that the landlady almost invariably sat upon the edge of the bed—the tiny hall room only after the single chair she insisted that Marcella should remain—until the day was over.

"I'm not going to have the poor, dear child starve in my house, just because she's been foolish, and spent too much money on some girlish rubbish or other this month," the kindly woman would explain to herself as she smugly rubbed downstairs after breakfast upon Marcella's dietary peace for the day. "I never did take any stock in this idea of milk being good for grown people to live on."

And, alas! many of Marcella's friends, though unconscious of the girl's desperate attempts toward beauty, seemed possessed of a similar belief. A girl comrade returned from her vacation laden with fruit for Marcella, a man friend sent chocolates. Then Janet, who lives comfortably at home with her parents, kept inviting Marcella to dinner.

"You can just take milk with me, while the others stuff themselves with heavy food," she would explain. Janet, it should be added, professed to care nothing for solids any longer, while Marcella, despite the three quarts of milk which she speedily attained, was continually hungry. Another friend to whom Marcella confidentially whined her reason for no longer going out to luncheon with certain other members of the class, insisted that eggs should be added to the list.

"Milk is lovely for the skin and to make flesh," she said. "I've tried it and I know that it makes one over in

a hurry. But it's very bad for the hair, my dear child. Your hair will all fall out if you don't supply certain other elements. You must take four fresh eggs a day in addition to the milk."

Now, Marcella's hair is her strong point, so the eggs were speedily added. Another friend explained that some fresh fruit, preferably grapes, should be regularly partaken of for the sake of color and general freshness. Still another insisted upon tomatoes daily, for similar reasons. Janet, who looked on with interest, now began to prescribe the daily quart of cream.

At the end of a month, therefore Marcella was laboriously consuming four quarts of milk, one quart of cream, four fresh eggs, a pound of grapes, and three tomatoes every day—a diet somewhat unusual and not even to be recommended on the grounds of economy, as Marcella had at first hoped. She was also becoming severely afflicted with indigestion and insomnia, while the beautifying effects of the regimen were slow in appearing. Her skin, in fact, looked muddy, her eyes were heavy, even the brilliant hair seemed to lack its ordinary gloss and glory. She was gaining flesh certainly, but she felt almost too dull and languid to move.

"Your diet is too heavy, or else you were in bad condition when you started," decided Janet, fresh as a rose and full of good spirits. "Try a mineral water in addition. In Germany they often do that."

So three glasses of vile-tasting mineral water were added to the diet, and about this time Marcella left off doing anything but diet. There seemed little time to live or walk or study, for one thing, what with milk-drinking, fruit-eating, and the hygienic exercises necessary in order to make existence endurable; also a sort of collapse came upon her. One morning she felt so ill that she sent for the landlady, instead of rising.

"I think I've been taking too much nourishment," Marcella told the hastily summoned physician, who felt her pulse and looked knowing.

"Half starved," the landlady whispered to the doctor as they went down stairs.

The doctor, being no less wise in the ways of impecunious art students, believed the landlady and prescribed, after three days of unlimited hot water and fasting, a "generous milk diet."

Marcella, weak, weary and faint at sight or thought of milk, fled from the landlady's kindly dishes to a visit to Janet. Janet's mother, kind, capable, sympathetic, but her to bed again and concocted emmons and other sickeningly reminiscent drunks for the dispirited invalid. Janet herself, more than ever anxious about her friend's looks, since the violent dyspepsia following the collapse, had proved anything but becoming, perpetually tagged Marcella, as soon as the latter was able to rise, with glasses and pitchers of milk and lime water. In the end Marcella, ready to cry with nervousness and worry, decided to go home.

"The autumn will be nice in the country," she told Janet, "and you'd better come with me. My mother is as dear and sweet as yours is, and we'll have a good time until the life classes open again."

So down to the country they went, and Marcella's mother, worried about her daughter, pleased to see Janet, pressed a glass of new milk, with two



"PREPARED A GENEROUS MILK DIET."

tablespoonfuls of cream and a fresh egg beaten up in it, upon them as soon as they arrived.

"I'm sorry you two girls don't eat like other people," she said, regretfully, as she left them to prepare supper. "For I've got fried chicken with cream gravy and stewed fresh mushrooms and hot biscuits, and peach shortcake this evening, and I can't help thinking such food would be better than all milk for you."

"But, of course, if you think the milk diet's the only thing—"

And just here two hungry, suddenly determined voices effected a simultaneous interruption.

"We don't, dear," they said decidedly. "We've—we've given the milk diet up."—Chicago Chronicle.

### TIME'S WHIRLWIG.

When I was twenty, she sixteen. He was my heart's unquestioned queen. Oh, happy hours of youthful joy! We loved and laughed, a girl and boy Who counted just four years between.

Now I am forty. As to her— Just thirty-six! Ah, so, you see. There's wheels for her now slowly run; Just twenty-four—so says my son, To-day in turn her worshiper.

As I go forward will she stray Still farward back along life's way? Will, thus reverse the years between, Shall I be sixty, she sixteen, And in her train my grandson, say?—Brooklyn Life.

## GAME THAT IS PLAYED OUT

Canadians Are Giving No Encouragement to the Democratic Scheme.

The fact that Canada has not said a word about encouraging the democrats in their moves for reciprocity is evidence enough that the people have closed up on that subject, like so many wise claims, since the talk of a few years ago. And there is no guessing on that side of the issue as the Boston reciprocity democrats are guessing on their side, says the Worcester Telegram. A New England writer who knows Canada as an open book has been sent into the country to find out what the people over there think of the jumps for reciprocity by the democrats of this country. He writes that he has been in the maritime provinces and Quebec and Ontario since the end of June making inquiries in view of the approaching revision of the Canadian tariff, and he finds all the papers, with one small exception in Montreal, and all the people and officials declaring that the tariff rates must be made higher at the revision.

This man has been familiar with the affairs of Canada as a traveler since 1893. In the earlier years since that time he heard nothing else among the people who sought a change but the cry for deliverance from the national policy tariffs, the protective tariffs of the older Canada, which have been somewhat revised, but always maintained. The general led the movement for cutting out the tariffs, which meant practically free trade for Canada. But later when the liberals were victorious at the polls, there was no demand for free trade and the result was the preferential tariff for the products of Great Britain and the increasing of the duties on goods from other nations. The liberals had also denounced the bounties paid by the government for certain industries, which in effect amounted to the protection given industries in the United States by the tariff. The same liberals continued the bounties after they took the government and even extended them.

Now the American writer finds that all the people favor the tariffs, the bounties for industries, and are calling for still more protection by means of higher tariff schedules. This writer declares that he has talked on the subject with manufacturers, jobbers, commercial travelers, professional men and other people who are not directly interested in the benefits of the tariff and bounties, and he failed to find one person who wanted to approach free trade in any way or who had any objection to offer to the present system of the government for the protection of industries, the only demand for a change being for an enlargement of that system. He sums up his findings: "A short stay in Canada is sufficient to convince an observer that any crusade having as its object a diminution of the protection now accorded to Canadian manufacturers, whether by reciprocity with the United States or by further preferences for Great Britain, would be utterly fruitless."

That is the condition against which the reciprocity cranks of this country are to ram their heads. They will find the contrary to the north so impracticable that it cannot be won by even the theories of Boston. Canadians are as quiet as claims about reciprocity. They are not trying to advance backward like the democrats of the United States.

### Benefits Importers.

The tariff revisers who demand that the change in the tariff law, whenever it shall begin, must not be on the lines of keeping the American wage earner in his job, but must be on the lines of getting articles offered in our market at the lowest possible prices, whether they come from American mills and factories or from those of Germany, England or anywhere else—these revisers, we submit, must waive all other considerations, that the business of the importer, who would like to go into the American field with a foreign article and sell the domestic article, thus closing the mill and factory of our own country and putting out of work the American wage earner, displaced by the foreigner. If this is not so, why should there be such a cry that a revision on Dingley lines will not satisfy the Camminers, etc. Y.—N. Y. Press.

### The Marine Merchant.

The Massachusetts republicans speak in no uncertain tones on the subject of the American mercantile marine. The platform adopted by the state convention heartily approves the efforts of President Roosevelt, through the commission appointed by congress at his request, to build up a strong American commercial fleet on the ocean, and points to the disadvantage regarding foreign trade which is the result of our lack of ships. The commission will report to the next congress, and that body will have one of the finest opportunities ever presented for furthering American interests by taking practical steps looking to the revival of our merchant service.—Troy Times.

If Bryan really wants to do any "unearthly," as he said he would in the Philippines, why doesn't he tackle Panama? There's an unearthly job of several sorts on the canal there, crying for help.—Los Angeles Herald.

If English inventors can put a cheaper and better bread into English mouths and make that country independent, the alacrity with which a protective tariff would be placed on British manufactures would paralyze the democratic free-trade orators on this side of the water.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## NO NEED OF RUNNING RISKS

Why Tamper with Tariff That Brings Good Times and Contentment.

In an interesting letter from Washington to the American Economist Alfred J. Dodge shows that while certain elements in both the republican and democratic parties are trying to break down the tariff wall in this country other nations which are witnessing the astounding prosperity that is everywhere prevalent in the United States, are crying for the adoption of a protective tariff policy so that they and their people may also enjoy the blessings of happiness and contentment that a strong tariff measure like the Dingley law brings.

It is passing strange, indeed, in the light of the unprecedented prosperity that abounds in the United States, that anyone would even suggest, much less urge and fight for, a change in our tariff laws, and, on the other hand, it is only natural that other countries that are not enabled to enjoy the fruits of beneficent legislation such as brought the United States out of industrial darkness into the glorious light of prosperity and peace should wait with eagerness for the day when they, too, shall have a system of protection which means so much for the manufacturer, for the laborer and for the mechanic.

If every mill and factory in the country wasn't running to its full capacity, and in many cases working overtime; if every man who wants work was not employed at better wages than he ever before received; if we lived in a soap house era, as we did from 1894 to 1897; in short, if everybody wasn't busy and had no reason to complain, there might be some excuse for a revision of our tariff laws, there might be a reason for trying some new experiment; but in view of all the facts in the case, what earthly reason can there be for a change at this time or any other time until conditions are less favorable to all classes than they are now?

You may talk about your revision of the tariff, you may talk about your reciprocity, you may preach dual tariff, or you may rant about free trade, but what for? Isn't everybody happy and prosperous? Nobody denies it. Then, if such is the case, why not let well enough alone? Or, in other words, why not stand pat?

Tinkering with the tariff is sure to be followed by the loss of confidence, the closing of factories, unemployed labor, hard times and the opening of soup houses. This has been the sequel of all attacks upon our system of protection, and a word to the wise is sufficient.

## NOTHING MORE TO BE DONE

The Tariff Is Safe in the Hands of the Fifty-Ninth Congress.

It seems to be as good as settled that reciprocity and tariff revision are not to be had at the hands of the Fifty-ninth congress. That is a welcome prospect, says the American Protectionist. Not until the reciprocity and revision forces shall have captured the congress district conventions of 1906 will industry and production and trade and labor have any reason to draw tighter the lines of enterprise and activity.

It would be well if definite assurance of a determination to let the tariff alone during the life of the Fifty-ninth congress were to be given by caucus action, as is foreshadowed by the Evening Post. Such a course of procedure would be square and manly. It would let the business community and the wage earners just what to expect and what not to expect for at least two years to come. It would relegate the tariff ripping issue back to the people, where it belongs. It would give the American Reciprocal Tariff league fair notice and an invitation to make its fight on clearly defined lines. It would give to the great producing interests and to the millions who earn and spend high wages solid ground on which to make their stand for continued prosperity, continued protection, continued tariff stability. It would make reciprocity and revision an open question inside the republican party. It would bring the matter to a show of hands next year. To that it must come at last. Therefore it would seem the part of wisdom and good politics for the republican majority of the house of representatives of the Fifty-ninth congress to settle the controversy by definite caucus action at the earliest possible stage, pledging the republican party to let the tariff alone during the life of the present congress.

Our minimum tariff must be on sufficient to accord us the full measure of protection. It must be the basis upon which we are willing to trade with every nation. It must be understood that we will not cut under this minimum, for to do so would virtually bring us into free-trade relations with the country to which the further concessions were granted. Countries that will not deal fairly with us on our minimum basis should receive the full force of our maximum duties.—Springfield Union.

The Dingley tariff continues to spoil the arguments of free-traders, including that of a threatened deficit in government receipts.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Judge Parker is now drawing \$100,000 a year as attorney for a rapid transit company. He showed no qualifications for the rapid transit class last year.—Washington Post.

What is the democratic party going to do? inquires the Washington Post. That's easy. Try to keep the republican party from doing anything of course. That's all it ever does.—Kansas City Journal.

## FOR ENTERTAINMENTS

### SOME SUGGESTIONS TO HELP OUT TROUBLED HOSTESS.

A Silhouette Party Amusing—Timely Autumn Tea—For Club or Church Society—Jack-o'-Lantern Night.

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A Silhouette Party, given for a bride-elect, was declared by the guests to be one of the most delightful and amusing affairs they had attended. Each guest was given a small square of black paper (procured at a stationer's or picture framer's) and a pair of scissors, with instructions to cut a silhouette of the bride-elect performing some household duty. The subjects were: "Her First Baking Day," "Saturday She Scrubbed," "Monday at the Tub," "Tuesday She Ironed," "Thursday Is Sweeping Day," "Friday She Dusted." One of the girls posed for the amateur artists, sitting or standing as she was requested. Of course everyone protested that she never could cut out anything recognizable, but the results proved the contrary. After the figures were cut out, they were pasted on white mats, given the titles they were supposed to represent, signed by the artist, and all given to the bride-to-be—a souvenir of a most delightful afternoon. When refreshments were served, the table was decorated with a baking pan which was filled with flowers, a scrubbing brush bore the guest of honor's place card, a small flatiron held her napkin down, while a miniature broom and a half dozen cheese cloth dusters were on her chair. This was a very practical bridal "shower" and was much appreciated.

### A Sun-Flower Tea.

This is the season of the year when sun-flowers, golden-rod and the glorious golden glow are in their prime. Nothing could be more gorgeous than these decorations for an afternoon tea, a luncheon or even for a reception. Fill jars, wall pockets and all available receptacles with these brilliant flowers; the great bunches of them to the porch pillars and bank the fireplace. Place the punch bowl inside a large tin bread pan which has been covered with green paper; inside the circle, between the bowl and pan, place sun-flowers, thus making a wreath of glory beautiful to behold. Have a fruit lemonade or Roman punch in the bowl and serve "sun-flowers," which are made by using the ordinary recipe for white cookies, cutting the dough with a small round cutter, then pressing blanched almonds around the edge to represent the petals. In the center put a dab of chocolate colored dough. When baked carefully they are pleasing to look at and good to taste. The invitations, if sent by a messenger, should have a small sun-flower fastened to the envelope. After the guests have arrived, pass cards with the inscription, "I'm as happy as a big sun-flower," in one corner with the date. If one is skillful with the brush, it takes only a short time to do a big sun-flower in water-colors instead of writing the word. On this card have "Sewing Intricacies" written, with the words "Thread," "Tape-measure," "Seissors," "Thimble," "Needles," "Rind," "Talest," "Sewing-aid," "Linen," "Cotton," "Timery," "Wash-bone," "Pencaine," "Stilette," "Buttons," "Feather-bone," "Silk," "Cambric," all transposed into such words as "Blineth," which, with the letters properly placed, becomes "Thimble," "Tonest" is "Cotton," etc. This will afford occupation for some time.

For prizes give a pair of embroidery scissors in a case of Mexican leather—it is quite yellow in color—and a cork bag made of yellow and black ribbon. If a third prize is desired, give a needle case in the shape of a sun-flower. The refreshments consist of food served in tiny flower-pots, covered with a real sun-flower, which when removed reveals the cream in a waxed paper case. Yellow draperies of cheese cloth may be used with good effect in door-ways and windows. The hostess should wear a yellow gown, with belt and stock of black, and a sun-flower in her hair.

### An International Tea.

This is a delightful affair to be given by a club or church society. Decorate the rooms with the flags from all nations; these may be purchased in the department stores in all sizes. Young ladies dressed in costumes to represent "America," "Italy," "Scotland," "France," "England," "Germany," "Japan," "Manila," etc., form the reception committee and serve the refreshments.

National songs, such as "America," "La Marseillaise," "God Save the Queen," "The Watch on the Rhine," "Blue Bells of Scotland," "Beautiful Venice, the Bride of the Sea," are sung or played during the evening. When refreshments are served, the guests are asked to choose at which table they will sit. "America" will serve an abundance of baked beans, doughnuts and pie. "Scotland" will have porridge, oat cakes, scones with cheese and haggis. "Italy" presides over vermicelli soup, macaroni, grapes and figs. Sausage, pretzels and rye bread will be found at "Germany's" table, while the "French" table will have dainty rolls, salads and omelet. "England" will be represented by roast beef and plum pudding. "Japan" will be gay with chrysanthemums, cherry blossoms, tea with delicate sweetmeats, rice and wafers.

"Manila" will serve banana, lemonade and oranges.

### A Hallow 'E'en Party.

Each year entertaining on Hallow 'E'en, which comes on October 31, becomes more and more popular. The dinner described below was given for ten guests, who were most enthusiastic over the novelty of the affair. Jack-o'-lanterns and candles made the only lights and the effect was weird enough. The "jacks" stood on top of china cabinets, serving table, and taborets placed in the corners of the rooms; interspersed were candles in sticks made from carrots, turnips and potatoes.

The table center-piece was a jack-o'-lantern with a face cut on all four sides, so the light was evenly distributed over the table. Around this candles were placed in holders made from carrots, flat turnips and potatoes. Beautiful autumn leaves were laid on the tablecloth, interspersed with dainty vines. Small "Brownie" figures bore the name card of which was written "This season of the year, is to the Brownie's heart most dear."

The unique menu cards were made by the hostess, each being different in decoration. Cards of white, ten inches long, five inches wide, were used. On one of these at irregular intervals were pumpkins, which had been cut out and pasted on. Another had autumn leaves, brownies formed another ornamentation and cabbage graced one card. (In olden times Hallow 'E'en was called "cabbage" night). Bunches of grapes made a very effective card. The hostess said she had collected most of the material for these cards from seed catalogues and advertisements. Here is the menu that was written on them in black ink with a stub pen:

Soup—A Bovine Appendage (Ox-tail).

Fish—Collect on Delivery (C. O. D.).

Meat—An intimate friend of Mary (Lamb).

Vegetables—A kind of toes n'er found on man or beast (Potatoes—Tomatoes).

What is desired in time of War (Pae).

Pudding—The Beautiful (Snow).

Pie—Related to a Well—(Pumpkin).

Fruit—A kind of ammunition (Grapes).

Drinks—An illness and what a physician asks. Coffee (cough-fee).

How does Bernhard take her medicine? (In Cider).

Gathered from many lands (Nuts).

The guests were asked to divine what each course was before it was served. After dinner ghost stories were in order, nuts were roasted in the grate fire, and fortunes told with apples. Bon-bons were passed in a hollowed-out cabbage lined with waxed paper. The invitations to this dinner were sent by a messenger who wore a grotesque mask and carried a huge jack-o'-lantern on the end of a stick.

Here is a game which sounds very simple, but never fails to create amusement. It is called the "King of Hunky Bunk." Select two persons, place them at opposite sides of the room, the farther apart the better. Give each a lit candle and tell them they must not laugh or even smile. They are to advance very slowly, looking each other directly in the eye. When they meet in the center of the room, with hands uplifted in great sorrow, one says: "The King of Hunky-Bunk is dead and dead." The other responds: "Alas, alas, how did he die?" The first person with increased sorrow says: "Just so—Just so—Just so!" then comes the response: "How sad—how sad—how sad." The couple rarely ever get beyond announcing that the "King is dead" before they are off in gales of laughter. A little prize may be awarded the couple who completely finish the "message," something that may be divided, like a box of candy or bunch of flowers.

### If You Would Be Beautiful.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the tremendous need of ample, substantial food and sufficient rest. The average young woman of to-day is as busy as a bee. Beauty is only another name for health, and to overtax the system is like putting \$50 in the bank and drawing out \$100; you never get ahead that way. Few women eat what is best for them. They nibble on sweets and pastries, keeping the stomach in a continual state of girle and turmoil. Instead of bonbons and cakes, eat fresh fruit and drink mineral waters. A daily bath is a great aid to beauty. Rub the body well with moistened salt, jump into the tub and turn on a tepid spray, chilling gradually. Rub down well with a coarse towel and you will feel as fine as a fiddle.

### Oatmeal for the Face.

Oatmeal has very cleansing properties, as you may see by mixing some with water, trying it in a bag and letting the water be impregnated with it, and then washing the dirtiest embrotheries, lace or fine muslins in the decoction they become quite clean, as with bran. It draws out the dirt equally well from the face. A good plan is to have some oatmeal powder on the washing-stand and mix a tablespoonful with the lukewarm water in which you wash the face. It is very improving to the complexion. The water should be tepid, about a tablespoonful to a quart is about the proportion, dry with a soft cloth and rub the face till quite warm.

### Care of the Feet.

When you start out to walk, cover the feet with a thick lather of soap suds, which should dry on the feet. This will prevent blisters. When you come back soak your feet in hot water and rub a little vasoline into them. You will be surprised at the ease with which you give you.